

Sickening

If I'm only the rest of nothing
If nothing, define what's left of me
If the sounds and the noise are what I see
What I see is not what I hear

If you hear the same thing I hear, nothing left
If you see the same thing I see, just nothing

Chorus

***Then you know what is left for you, this is just sickening
Then you know what you have to do, you are sickening***

Solo

You cherish the loathing of your being, just sick
You remain the revival of your other self, sick being

Chorus

***Then you know what is left for you, this is just sickening
Then you know what you have to do, you are sickening
To be sick or to be sickening in the Horror.....***

Become this killer I could never become
Become this sword arm I need so much

The shadow of your passage still remains at the bottom of Limbo
The smell of your art remains imbedded in every foul stream of air
You are the genuine horror
You are the genuine

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